lady of extreme beauty and sensibility who is made to flit before our vision; and we see her sacrificed to family pride or avarice, and bound to a husband whom she cannot love. An attachment springs up involuntarily in her breast towards a youth of daring courage and the gentlest generosity, who comes accidentally in her way, and reciprocates her affection. Resolutions are formed, and struggles made, with the view of eradicating the attachment, only to be baffled by untoward circumstances, and cruel usage inflicted on the parties suspected while yet innocent, till they are led or driven to an intercourse which, the author tells us, the world in its uncharitableness condemns, but condemns in utter ignorance of the circumstances, and which may be regarded as being hallowed, as well as sweetened, by the spirit of devotedness and self-sacrifice with which it is characterized.

The healthier English mind recoils from such a picture with a just abhorrence; and reprobates the literature in which vice is so painted as to be admired. But this same boastful English spirit overflows with feelings of admiration towards a different, and it is supposed, a more perfect picture. We have an attractive view of the country squire—warm-hearted, honest, kind to his tenantry, liberal in supplying the wants of the poor, and sticking fast to his political party; and though it is not denied, but rather avowed with self-complacent candour, that he is given at times to excess in drinking, that he swears when in a passion, that at least he has no respect to God in his conduct, or humble submission of heart before his heavenly Governor—we are made to forget, or justify all this, in our admiration of his bluff integrity and disinterested charity. Or it is the British merchant that is brought before us in the market-place, open-hearted and open-handed; or the English yeoman in his sequestered cottage, industrious, respectful to his superiors, and attached to the ancient heads of his house; but both the one and the other, it is acknowledged without shame, if not with pride, are notoriously not given to penitence for sin, or to express love to God, which they do not feel; nay, it is not concealed that they are at times addicted to profanity and gross neglect of sacred duties; and yet we are made to admire none the less, but all the more, this worldly morality, because it is not rendered offensive by religion.

Truly our popular novels give us a correct picture of human nature; but not in the way in which their advocates would have it. They give us a picture, not of the world as it is, but of the world, as the world supposes itself to be. The skilful eye may see, by a deeper skill, in the skilful novel, the tricks to which mankind resort to disguise their characters from themselves, and deck them, in assumed colours.

If the question related to the relative superiority of the Frenchman's or Englishman's feeling, we should have no hesitation in giving the preference to the latter as the healthier; but the question rather is, Is the feeling of the one or the other what it ought to be? The Englishman condemns, and very properly condemns,

the picture drawn by the Frenchman. But can you deny, says the Frenchman, that the tenderness, the sympathy, the devotedness of my hero and heroine are commendable? No, says the Englishman; but we are not accustomed to think in our country that fine sentiment excuses open immorality. But the Englishman is too blunt and self-confident to perceive that it is with the same weapons that he defends himself when attacked. Do you not, says he, commend this sterling honesty and openness of character ? Most assuredly we do, more than the fine sentimentality of the Frenchman; but we feel all the while, that if fine sentiment cannot excuse immorality, just as little can an earthly morality excuse an acknowledged ungodliness. That there is truth in the one picture as in the other—in the Frenchman's as in the Englishman's—we frankly admit. We would not dispute